FRACTION CORNERS.

II.

THE MINISTER'S GIRL.

The horse was moving so slowly that it seemed to be half asleep. And still the road stretched on up the hill between the oak trees which held fast to their withering leaves. Here and there a maple blazed out among the milder hues. There were bluejays and chick-a-dees calling somewhere. A squirrel had just run across the track in front of the horse's nose with a chestnut-burr in his mouth.

The horse was pulling a low and somewhat shabby phaeton, in which sat a woman. She was dressed in gray and she had a bunch of bright-colored asters at her belt. She was very dark, and her eyes were brown and soft.

The horse had now come to a place where the road branched. He stopped and looked meditatively back at his driver.

"I don't know which way to take any more than you do," she said aloud.

She stepped down from her seat and went and examined an old guideboard which had fallen into a thicket of goldenrod. All she could really decipher were the letters "gh," and a hand pointing into the golden-rod.

"Have you lost nothin'?" drawled a voice close to her. It was so close that she jumped back into the dusty road.

"Only my way," she answered as she saw an old woman standing very near her. It was one of that kind of old women who have a sort of elephant skin, with large, well-defined wrinkles folded along the cheeks and under the chin, and who scorn the aid of artificial teeth after their own have gone. She had on what had once been a black satin mantilla. It was now wadded, and was, as its wearer was convinced, an eminently suitable garment for fall. A black straw hat, with its brim brought down each side of the face by broad purple strings of hemmed cashmere. She had a tin pail in her hand and in the pail was about a quart of the brilliant pods of the Green Mountain bean.

She had evidently come from a narrow path which led from the woods near the guideboard. She smiled now in evident contempt for one who could lose her way where she herself was so familiar.

"Is there any village near?" inquired Miss Faxon, pulling at her gauntlets in some confusion beneath the unswerving gaze of the old lady.

"I guess you must have come from the Stoughton way, didn't you?" asked the woman.

"No, I didn't."

"Mebby you're goin' old Stoughton way, then?"

"No."

"Ain't?"

"No."

Miss Faxon walked up to her horse's head and gave the animal some grass she had pulled for it. She believed if she were patient she should yet be able to dig out some useful information from the brain of this stranger.

"Ain't you a grain afraid to be teamin' round alone so?"

"Why should I be afraid?"

"Tramps," said the old woman, concisely.

"Is there any village near?" now repeated Miss Faxon, after looking at her watch.

"Jest down the other side of the hill there is."

"What's the name of it?"

"They kinder call it Fraction Corners."

"If you'll take me a-piece, I jest as lives show you the way right 'long," continued the old lady.

She was helped into the phaeton and sat upright with her pail of green beans on her knees.

"It's a straight road," she said; "you couldn't miss it if you tried. 'Tain't morn 'n half a mild, neither. I really s'pose," with something like a smile moving the leather cheeks, "that I could er told you the way jest as well 'thout riding."

"You're welcome to ride."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged. Have you heard nothin' 'bout the 'wakenin' of religious feelin' there is to Fraction Corners?"

The old woman did not wait for any answer to this question. She went on to say that she expected the "wakenin'" was owing to the new minister. They'd got a new minister at Fraction.

"Did ye know that?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"Mebby you're acquainted with the man?"

"I've met him."

"He's begun well, but of course he can't hold out. No minister can make a revival last the year round. You can't go to getherin' in sheaves every minute of your life, no matter how much you pray 'n' shout."

Miss Faxon glanced at her companion to see if this last were spoken satirically. But the dim old eyes were fixed earnestly ahead, and the fallen-in mouth was shut gravely.

"Is Mr. Whitehead liked?"

The question was put hesitatingly.

"You know his name," said the woman, with a shrewd look. "Yes, he's liked a lot. There's interest felt in religion by folks that you wouldn't expect. That gal of the Gray's now——I guess I'll stop to this turn. Here's the beginning of Fraction. The Corners themselves is further along. Mercy sake! There's the minister now, and the Gray gal. She's a dressmaker. You see she seems to be some stylish. Some folks think she's han'some. I say she's just made outer dough. I never could stand that Gray gal."

By the time she had finished speaking she had reached the ground in safety. Miss Faxon took little note of her last words. She was looking at the two who were walking toward her. The minister's tall form seemed very tall. The girl was somewhat apart from him. Neither appeared to be speaking.

A few rods away from the slowly-advancing horse and phaeton Miss Gray paused in front of an old, low house. The door of this house was quickly thrown open and a woman appeared on the threshhold.

"Loller! Is that you? I wish you'd come right in. Here's somebody 't's been waitin' to see you 'bout a dress. She wants to know if it can be made over 'thout bein' too expensive."

Miss Faxon saw the girl make a slight gesture and laugh as she went toward the house.

The minister strolled on alone, with his hands behind him. His head was bent; he seemed much absorbed.

The horse stopped, obeying a gentle pull on the lines.

The lady in the phaeton bent forw[illegible] slight, eager smile on her face.

"Joseph," she said.

Mr. Whitehead paused and looked full at her in a dazed way for an instant. Then a brilliant light suddenly flamed up in his deep eyes, and his face reddened. He sprang forward and held out both his hands.

"Rachel!" he exclaimed, "This is indeed a pleasure!"

He now took off his hat and stood uncovered.

It was a brief instant before either spoke again. Then she said:

"At the last moment it was decided that I should come to Quincy. And to-day I am sent to Fraction Corners by my aunt with recipes for her sister-in-law—recipes that tell of strange things to be done with the whites of eggs after they have been beaten to a froth and re-introduced to the yolks. You must thank the recipes, Joseph. Come and drive with me to Mrs. Waldo's.

She spoke in a kind of veiled voice, as if, perhaps, she feared to put too much in her tones, and she laughed as she ceased speaking.

Mr. Whitehead took his seat by her. He looked at her with that expression of unquestioning beatitude on his face which an unexpected good sometimes causes. He seemed as yet unable to speak again. She did not now look at him at all. She gazed straight ahead of her.

"Where is Mrs. Waldo's?" she asked, at last.

"Mrs. Waldo's?" He tried to rouse himself. "It's the last house down the hill here, before the turn to old Stoughton. It's quite a fine place; and she is a Universalist," with a slight sigh.

"Can't you convert her to the belief that Christ died for a part and not for all?"

He started somewhat as his companion put this question.

"That is what Miss Gray just said."

"Do you mean the Gray gal?" smiling. "Don't look so surprised. I had an old lady with me from the woods back here. She 'can't stan' the Gray gal.' She didn't tell me why, only that 'she couldn't stan' her.' She added the statement that she looked as if she were made 'outer dough.' You evidently don't think she looks that way."

"What old woman was it?" with a touch of asperity.

"She didn't tell me her name. But I can tell you what she looks like: something constructed of very old elephant-skin. And she wears a black straw hat, tied down with purple cashmere."

The minister laughed.

"I suppose it must be wicked to speak of elephant-skin in that way."

"Then it is wicked for you to laugh at such speaking."

"I know it. But that old woman is a trial to me. She is always sending up notes about something to be prayed for. And she will speak at the prayer-meetings. You know, Rachel, a man, even a Methodist minister, doesn't want to make a special petition every Sunday in the fall for the welfare of the cranberry crop."

"And yet cranberries are good—with roast turkey," said Miss Faxon.

"I know they are. And old Lady Marm has a meadow where they grow. She has been greatly afraid that the Lord would send a frost before they were picked. She doesn't care about other crops. She says if the folks who have corn and potatoes don't care enough to pray for them, what can she do about it? I am grateful that her berries are gathered and sold. She had over three barrels of them. I think I picked fully one barrel myself."

Miss Faxon turned with a sudden movement toward him.

"That was like you to help her," she said.

"It was like me since I've known you," he answered, fervently.

Then the two were silent.

He leaned back on the cushion as if he had been very weary and was resting for the first time in many days.

At last he said with some solemnity.

"Rachel, don't think I am sorry I chose to be a Methodist minister."

"No: I shall only think you are sorry Lady Marm has no more common sense."

Mr. Whitehead sat upright. He took off his hat and passed his hand across his forehead.

"She has the sharpest kind of sense except on religion."

He turned wistfully toward the girl beside him as he spoke.

"Just go right on, Joseph, picking cranberries for poor old maids and it's no matter if you are puzzled about their religion."

The man put his big, bony hand for an instant over the gauntlet that covered her hand on her lap.

"You are always such a comfort," he murmured.

Before she could speak again, a man, who was standing in front of a house, came slouching forward, making a beckoning motion. Miss Faxon stopped the horse. The man came close to the phaeton and laid hold of the rim of a wheel. He looked with embarrassing intentness at the lady sitting there.

It began to seem from the silence and the persistence of the gaze that he had hailed them for the purpose of looking at the "minister's girl." An indignant color began to rise slowly on Mr. Whitehead's swarthy face.

"Did you wish to speak to me, Brother Dickson?" he asked.

Brother Dickson pulled his eyes away from the contemplation of Miss Faxon. At the same time he took his hands off the wheel and stood up without leaning on anything.

"I'm in awful trouble, Mr. Whitehead," he said, "and she"—nodding his head backward toward the house, "she's in awfuller trouble 'n I am."

The minister bent far out of the carriage. He was hoping that his duty did not indicate that he must leave Miss Faxon and go into the house.

"I'm sorry to hear it. What is the matter? Can I do anything?"

"The baby. He never was weller 'n he was two hours ago, 'n' now he's havin' fit after fit. I've sent for the doctor; I want you to pray for him to the meeting to-night. As the Lord seems to be sendin' down blessin's in Fraction Corners jest now, I thought mebby I might git a blessin' in the shape of a well baby. Pray for us, do."

"I will bear the matter in mind," returned the minister. "Do drive on, Rachel," in a pleading aside.

But Charley was not an animal who was accustomed to starting forward on the instant he was requested to do so. Before he had gathered his feet up from the ground some one else had appeared at the door. This time it was a woman.

"Did you tell him, Luther, did you tell him about the baby?" she asked.

"Yes, I told him."

The moment she had put her question her eyes also became fastened upon Miss Faxon. Here then was the girl the minister was engaged to.

"Do drive on, Rachel," again whispered the man in the phaeton.

Now the horse moved forward; he even broke into a faint trot in obedience to something he felt in the reins.

"It must be my heart is really very wicked," Mr. Whitehead said repentantly, when they were out of sight of Luther and his wife, "but I did feel as if I could not leave you and stop and talk with Brother Dickson about that baby."

"And give his wife an opportunity to look at me," responded Miss Faxon. "But Joseph," with a laugh, "you'd rather pray for a sick baby than for cranberries, I'm sure."

"Much rather. There's Mrs. Waldo's."

A two-storied house with a portico and a hip roof stood on a corner close to the road. It had a little yard a few feet wide, carefully fenced in. A black and white Newfoundland dog trotted heavily out to the carriage and stood looking up at its occupants, slowly and interrogatively wagging his tail as he did so.

A man in his shirt sleeves came round from a barn in the rear. He was a thin man with a long chin that looked more weak and undecided than no chin at all. He had good-natured, watery eyes, which blinked almost incessantly.

This was Mr. Waldo, who was never mentioned in any way by anybody save inadvertently, as it were. He was Mrs. Waldo's husband. He had occupied this position as husband for thirty-one years, and he had never, in his wife's presence, asserted that a thing was so until she had first made the assertion. Then he would echo the remark with quite an appearance of positiveness. This appearance of positiveness he seemed to enjoy greatly. It caused him to stop blinking and to look animated for a fleeting instant.

There was one subject upon which Benjamin Waldo did not agree with his wife, and that was what they called between themselves "Doctrine." Mr. Waldo was a Methodist, but Mrs. Waldo was a Universalist. Every Sabbath day she had the horse and Goddard buggy and went over to old Stoughton to the Universalist meeting there. And every Sabbath day Mr. Waldo attended the Methodist meeting in Fraction Corners. The neighborhood had never been able to account for the fact that Mr. Waldo was permitted to attend one kind of preaching while his wife attended another kind. Even after all the years since this marriage, when fresher topics failed among the elderly residents of the Corners, they went back to this subject and were just as puzzled as ever. Old Miss Blanchard, whom nobody but the minister ever called, even "to her face," anything but "Lady Marm," always asserted that there was "something back." This assertion, though it may sound somewhat obscure to the reader, seemed ample and clear to Lady Marm.

"I was getherin' some er the greenin's," said Mr. Waldo, as he shook hands with Mr. Whitehead and looked askance at the lady in the carriage. "She thought the further row ought to be gethered. And I thought so, too. I said the further row ought to be gethered."

Miss Faxon now alighted. She turned toward Mr. Waldo.

"Don't you know Rachel Faxon?" she asked.

"Be you Rachel?" exclaimed the man, putting out his limp hand. "I declare, you do have some of her looks. But little girls change in ten years. Walk right in. I think 's likely she'll want your hoss taken out."

Mr. Waldo hitched the horse, pending the decision of his wife in regard to it.

As the three began to walk up the path the door was thrown open by a portly woman, whose bright eyes seemed to dart a ray of light down upon the newcomers. The moment one saw this woman one knew why Mr. Waldo was called Mrs. Waldo's husband.

"I s'pose it's Rachel Faxon," she said in a clear, ringing voice. "How do you do, Mr. Whitehead? Come right in, both of you. Benjamin, Rachel's horse ought to be taken out 'n' rubbed down."

"Yes," said Mr. Waldo, "the hoss ought to be taken out 'n' rubbed down." He turned back to perform this duty.

The minister had a teasing doubt in his mind as to whether he ought to go back and visit Brother and Sister Dickson and their sick baby. In the next few moments the doubt grew to such a size that it was to his mind like a hair shirt to the baby.

When the invitation to tea was given by Mrs. Waldo, and repeated by Mr. Waldo, who had come in and was standing in the doorway listening, Mr. Whitehead replied that he wished he could stay, but he had some duties that must be attended to.

He found it almost poignantly difficult to say good-by to Miss Faxon. He told her in an undertone that he felt that he must call on Sister Dickson.

"But it is a wrench to go away now," he added. Mrs. Waldo heard him.

"Don't go and make a martyr of yourself," she said briskly. "You must be just aching to stay here. You'll have an hour before tea now, and you can have a long talk with Rachel, for I'm going to try one of them new recipes for hot gingerbread that she's brought. What is it? The Dickson baby having fits? That baby was jest born to have fits. You needn't worry; it's always having um. And what could you do? Pray, I s'pose. But folks don't want a man kneeling somewhere praying when they are hustling about for hot flannels and mustard poultices. You'd better stay here."

Mr. Whitehead looked at Miss Faxon, who would not do more than give him a vague smile in response.

"I'll go and ask how the baby is now," he said, "and I'll hurry back, Mrs. Waldo."

He strode off, his long legs taking him over the ground rapidly.

The girl stood on the piazza looking after him. Mrs. Waldo came and gazed over her shoulder.

"I s'pose you know what you're about, Rachel," she said in a tone of condolence. "I agree that he's an awful good man. I'm 'fraid you'll find him 'most too good. You can't live all strained up the whole dooring time for fear you'll fall from grace."

For answer Rachel turned toward the elder woman and said:

"I certainly believe I know what I am about."

"I can't help pitying young folks," remarked Mrs Waldo, putting her hand on the girl's arm. "They're so awful sure about things. Now le's look over them receipts."

That evening when Mis Faxon was walking along the path that was all the sidewalk there was in Fraction Corners, and was listening to Mr. Whitehead's tenderly eager talk, he suddenly paused to lift his hat and greet a girl who was coming rapidly toward them. It was dark, but Rachel knew the girl by her erect carriage and by her unlikeness to the other people she had seen in the village.

"I thought she would come to the meeting to-night," he remarked. "I feel that she needs what this world cannot give. I've believed her to be interested, but she is inclined to scoff. She has caused me much anxious thought. I have even been afraid that I have borne her on my mind before the throne of grace to the unjust exclusion of some others. It is curious how you will find sometimes in these obscure villages a person so refined, with such a keen mind and—and fascinating susceptibilities. How do you account for such instances, Rachel? I wrote to you that I was called upon to remonstrate, in my capacity as clergyman, with a young woman."

"Is that the girl" suddenly and almost sharply inquired Miss Faxon.

"Yes. Perhaps I did not mention her name."

Rachel felt a quick, jarring sense of she knew not what.

She had pictured the girl with whom Mr. Whitehead had talked as something very different.

She sat down on one of the most remote benches in the desolate little vestry of the desolate little meeting-house. They were early, for the minister always made it a point to be among the first to arrive. He wished to "sit and think," he said.

Miss Faxon saw the people come in. They came by twos and threes until the small room was full: Chairs were brought from some place and put in the aisles, and the space in front of the settees. When there was not a revival in progress there were usually hardly more than a dozen present. Most of the faces of the men were stolid, with a kind of intentness upon them. They had heads running back a good deal, leaving their weather-beaten features in a manner exposed. Their beards, when not long, were of a growth since the previous Sunday morning, now five days ago. They had large mouths which opened a little when their owners were listening.

Miss Faxon wondered why the women seemed so much more alert and intelligent.

When Lola Gray appeared in the doorway Miss Faxon was painfully aware that she had been looking for her.

As the girl stood there hesitating, some one in the crowd began to sing. A strong nasal sound preceded the first word.

"M—m—Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller."

ADIEU, THE NOSE-RING.

From The London Daily News.

If we may trust a native paper at Bombay, the Hindo nose-ring is doomed. A meeting of members of the Cutchee Veesa Oswal caste had been held at Mandvie Bunder, when it was resolved that hereafter their women should wear a flower in the nose, instead of the customary nose-ring. It was stated that the wearing of nose-rings had led to "much unfavorable comment," and it was further resolved that if any woman were in future to wear a nose-ring she would be liable to a fine of Rs. 10-4 annas in addition to the forfeiture of the ornaments.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

From The London Daily Telegraph.

A more perfect exhibition of autumn flowers and table fruits than that opened yesterday by the Societe Nationale d'Horticulture, in the Rue de Grenelle, it would be difficult to imagine. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any country in the world could produce so fine a show of grapes, pears and apples as is displayed in the society's tastefully arranged hall. The flowers consist, of course, principally of gladioli, dahlias and begonias. Among the first-named are some charming tints, but the collections scarcely rank as first-class of their kind. Where the French gardener shines is more especially in the show of double dahlias, of which some really remarkable specimens, both as to color and size, are exhibited. I noticed one stand in particular where the specimens were of the deepest purple and fully six inches in diameter, and another full of dahlias so exactly matched as to shade and dimensions that it was difficult to believe in their reality. The collection, from the monster growth to the tiniest "buttons," in every conceivable tint, both plain and variegated, was indeed perfect. Single dahlias have scarcely benefited so largely here as in England by the revival of taste in their favor, as proved by the fact that some of the finest specimens are known in Paris only by their English names, such as "The Bridesmaid" and the Cambridge yellows. Still they made a very fine show. The begonias, always favorites in France, were displayed with great taste and in large numbers, one exhibitor in particular making an admirable effect by grouping single colors together, thus showing side by side whole banks of white, scarlet, purple and other hues. If the flowers excited admiration the fruits created absolute enthusiasm. The grapes alone are worth a visit to the other side of the river. Chasselas, worth heavens knows how much a pound, seemed as plentiful as blackberries, while sable-hued Alicantes, covered with their delicate bloom and as large as walnuts, were shown in overwhelming quantities. The same may be said of the apples and pears. Some giant specimens of the former excited a perfect chorus of "ohs!" and "ahs!" as spectators admired their healthy-looking plumpness, and many a "reinette" and pippin, I fancy, only escaped a surreptitious change of ownership because they could not possibly have been squeezed into the pocket of any male or female in the show. Among the pears monstrous "bons Chretiens," "Beurres d'Anjou," and "Duchesses d'Angouleme" took the front rank, many looking like elaborate wax models rather than real fruit, so perfect were they in proportion and color. Strange to say, these horticultural marvels failed to draw more than a mere scattering of visitors to-day, probably on account of the weather, which has been so bright and fine as to attract all Paris to the country. A gentle, cool breeze, combined with a clear sky, has made this one of the most enjoyable days of the present autumn.

SHOPPING IN CAIRO.

From The London Daily News.

During their stay in Cairo, the late Canon Liddon and his sister, Mrs. King, occasionally went shopping, and the lady gives the following account of Oriental bartering: "De Nicola (the courier) asked the price of an article, and then offered one-half; the seller protested he never altered his price; then De Nicola folded up the goods, put them on a chair, and said, 'Very well, do not waste more words. I shall give you so-and-so.' The merchant screamed; De Nicola gesticulated; then they shook hands, touched foreheads, etc., and I thought the matter was arranged, when De Nicola whispered to us, 'Now the real battle is going to begin.' They screamed, stamped, thumped, and finally De Nicola threw back all our purchases, and said we would go to another shop, naming it. At once the salesman caved in, and protested he would rather give us his goods than that we should go away empty-handed, and so the purchase was conducted with smiles, handshakings and the usual greetings of lip and forehead, and a backsheesh was given us into the bargain!"

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS—PRIZES IN PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE—NOTES.

Two regular exhibitions will be open to the public this month. The water-colors by Mr. Alfred Brennan, which were noticed in The Tribune last Friday, will remain at the Keppel gallery until November 1. To-morrow the Verestchagin exhibition at the American Art Galleries will be begun. No press view of the latter has been announced, for the reason that no special discussion of the pictures is necessary at this time. The collection has undergone no changes since it was brought here in the fall of 1888 and displayed with the curios and weapons gathered by Verestchagin on his travels. For its reappearance the same effective mode of arrangement will be observed. Ample draperies will surround the paintings and trophies will be disposed at convenient points. Two catalogues have been prepared, one of the pictures and one of the supplementary objects. In his work Verestchagin is seldom pictorial merely. He is a socialist or moralizer expressing himself through the medium of art. He preaches peace by dwelling upon the horrors of war. Vigor is his most aggressive characteristic. He is not greatly gifted as colorist or draughtsman. But he is an earnest seeker after truth in nature and registers fact with considerable force and sincerity. The exhibition will continue until November 17, when the auction sale will have its first session.

Circulars relating to the American Water Color Society's twenty-fifth annual exhibition will reach intending contributors next week. The exhibition is to be held, as usual, at the Academy of Design. Receiving days will be from the 7th to the 9th of January inclusive. The press will be admitted to the galleries during the day on January 29 and the artists will hold their reception in the evening. The 30th is set apart for "ladies' day," and Monday, February 1, for the general public opening. The exhibition will close February 25. The etching club expects to exhibit with the water-colorists this year, filling the corridor with plates.

Notice was given in The Tribune last Sunday that the two drawings from life of a full-length nude figure which are required from each person desiring to enter the competition for the Paris Prize founded by Mr. J. A. Chanler would be received by Secretary "Joe" Evans, at No. 143 East Twenty-third-st., on or before Monday, October 19. No formal report as to the week's harvest of drawings can be expected until after to-morrow. But it has been semi-officially stated that the report, when it is issued, may be disappointing to the many art patrons who are eagerly awaiting its appearance. The subscribers to the prize fund have proceeded on the assumption that the advantages offered would excite enthusiastic competition. Yet it is feared now that very few Americans if any, will have entered the lists by the time they are closed. Whether this fear will be confirmed or not remains to be seen, but it may well raise the question as to how deep an interest American art students have in the benefits placed within their reach.

The travelling scholarship offered for competition by the National Academy of Design has not gone begging, but it has not proved a very potent attraction either. The awarding of the prize, which amounts to $750, is conditional upon the attainment of a degree of excellence set by the jury. The design is not to give the money to the best student in the school, but to the student whose ability shows that a visit to foreign schools would do him good. The first competition at the school developed a satisfactory competitor, who was forthwith sent abroad. The second, which took place last year, was a failure, not one student reaching the standard fixed by the jury. The only conditions imposed upon the winner are two years' attendance at the academy schools previous to the competition, and an envoi from abroad. These conditions have not deterred students from competing, but it is understood that the decision of the council caused much dissatisfaction in the classes last year and the prospect of a long list of competitors next spring is doubtful.

In Boston two architectural scholarships have been in the field for several years, but they have provoked languid competition. The Rotch travelling scholarship pays $1,000 a year for two years. The candidate must have practised for two years as a draughtsman in a Massachusetts office. The examinations are not extraordinarily severe and only two conditions are exacted of the winner. He must follow a route laid out by the committee and must send home sketches from time to time. The first of these conditions has proved merely nominal, as the committee and their proteges have always met each other half way. The first competition brought together six men, but the same number has never been reached since. The second year two draughtsmen presented themselves and a year later there was only one.

"The American Architect" founded a travelling scholarship of $500 three years ago. It is open only to subscribers to that journal, but is restricted to no State. The examinations present no difficulties which a draughtsman of fair education should not be expected to surmount, and the only condition forced upon the winner is that "the course of travel and study while abroad be outlined by the editors of 'The American Architect.'" The record stands thus: Three competitors for the first year, of whom one withdrew before the decision was made, one for the second, and two for the third. "The Architect" concludes that too many draughtsmen take up the profession as a business and not as an art.

The single optimistic sign in this matter of artistic competition comes from the architectural department of the School of Mines at Columbia College. Three travelling scholarships are offered there, one of $1,300, called the Columbia Fellowship in Architecture, founded by Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, and two of $1,000 each, founded by Mr. C. F. McKim. All these are recent foundations, the Columbia College Fellowship having been awarded for the first time in 1890. A. A. Stoughton, of the class of 1888, won the prize, and is now studying in Paris. He entered the competition with twelve others, of whom four were prevented from completing the work by sickness and other causes. Fewer candidates entered the contest for the two McKim prizes last spring, but this is explained largely by the fact that in this competition, as in the first one, only graduates of Columbia were eligible. The architectural department has been established not many years and its graduates are not numerous. Those who did compete were sustained by their personal interest in the school, and they were furthermore encouraged by the easy conditions. Nothing is required of the winners beyond consultation with the directors as to the course to be pursued abroad, and an exhibition of their sketches at the school upon their return. The examinations are purely architectural. They do not, as in some cases, include architectural history, English composition, or language. The candidate, as a graduate of the school, is assumed to be safe on these points.

The problem remains thus: Are American art students, whether of painting or of architecture, indifferent to the various incentives to special exertion presented to them, or do they rebel against apparently light examinations and against supervision after winning the prize? It is asserted that the painter who is clever enough to win the Paris Prize is very likely to have the artistic temperament, to be sensitive, and impatient of espionage, and that the draughtsman who has spent most of his time studying practical architecture in a working office has little historical or linguistic knowledge and cannot spare the time to cram for examinations. In neither case is the answer creditable to American enterprise and push.

A picture by Ingres, perhaps the first by that master ever brought to this country, has just been imported by Mr. Durand-Ruel. It is undated, but the style and the title, "Cardinal Bibbiena Presenting His Niece to Raphael," make it a reasonable supposition that it is a product of the artist's later Italian period. It has the same qualities which render the monumental paintings of Ingres striking, perfectly balanced composition and nearly faultless modelling. It proves, however, as all his works prove, even the superb "Oedipus" of the Louvre, that he was a cold though correct colorist. The red and white in the Cardinal's robes, the maroon of his niece's dress and the dark green of Raphael's costume are combined agreeably but the colors themselves are very dry and their effect is without charm. Another acquisition at this gallery is an important specimen of Decamps, entitled "Job and His Friends." It is an illustration of naturalism applied to the treatment of a scriptural subject. The courtyard in which the scene is laid might be that of any modern Oriental building, and the figures surrounding Job or passing here and there might be the ordinary dwellers in such a place. The painter has conceived the scene merely as a commonplace interruption to the everyday life of an Eastern household. The impression made is all the more powerful for this frankness. With the Decamps are shown two pictures by Corot, both instances of his comparatively rare treatment of the human figure, and an allegorical painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

Since the death of Mr. Daniel Cottier, the well-known connoisseur, art journals on both sides of the Atlantic have published varying reports as to the ultimate disposal of his private collection of paintings. It is learned from an authoritative source that the collection will be sold at auction next spring, not in New-York, but in London or Paris. The executors are said to be in favor of London. Corot's "Orpheus" was Mr. Cottier's most famous possession, but he had many other valuable pictures, and the dispersion of his collection promises to create as much rivalry among collectors and dealers as did the Secretan sale.

The New-York Institute for Artist-Artisans has enlarged its apartments at No. 140 West Twenty-third-st., and has begun the season's work with a full force of instructors. Mrs. Candace Wheeler has presented two silk looms to the institute, and will supervise the work done in the textile department. The Sharp Art School, at No. 744 Broadway, has been reopened. The Brooklyn Art School has issued its prospectus for 1891-'92. The teachers during the winter will be B. R. Fitz, J. M. Rhind, J. H. Boston and W. H. Snyder. Lectures will be given by Russell Sturgis, William H. Goodyear, Percival Chubb, Miss Isabel F. Hapgood and others.

In the course of a eulogistic article on Mr. George Hitchcock, a writer in the October "Art Journal" testifies to the great popularity of the American artists at the Paris Exposition of 1889. "The reproach of imitativeness," he says, "which had been so long made against them, if still heard, was mingled with a recognition of the independence and fearlessness with which many of the exhibitors attacked the most difficult problems of their art; while the fact that the majority bore traces of the schools in which they had been trained—French, English or German—was regarded as evidence of the pliability of American talent." Mr. Hitchcock is justly praised as one of the least imitative members of the American contingent. He is known to have "sat at the feet of Mesdag," and Uhde may have suggested to him the notion of mingled realism and symbolism which he has utilized in his pictures of Madonna, but on the whole he is a genuine individuality. The characteristics of delicate atmosphere and poetical suggestiveness which are to be found in the photogravure frontispiece after his "Maternity" need be referred back to no one but Mr. Hitchcock himself. American readers may not feel flattered on turning from this favorable essay on their countryman to the article on the Sounds of New-Zealand wherein Milford Sound is described as the Yosemite Valley with the bottom knocked out. The illustrations do much to bear out the assertion.

A new mutual benefit organization has been formed in Paris under the name of the "Syndicat National des Ouvriers d'Art." This syndicate, according to the first article in its statutes, will endeavor to maintain the supremacy of France in the world of industrial art. It has already 40,000 members in Paris alone, including modellers, cabinet-makers, textile workmen, piano-makers, decorative painters, and other journeymen. Each member pays a franc for admission and a franc for annual dues. Difficulties between employers and employes will be settled by a committee appointed by the syndicate. In times of sickness or idleness the members will be assisted by the syndicate and in old age they will also be provided for out of a special fund. The syndicate will do all in its power to advance artistic education and to promote social intercourse among industrial art workers.

The annual Troyon prize of 1,100 francs offered by the Academie des Beaux Arts has been awarded to M. A. Gibert.

After a long period of squabbling the heirs of Prince Torlonia have decided to turn over his extensive art collection to the Italian Government.

Prince Borghese has sold the Raphael portrait of Caesar Borgia to M. A. de Rothschild for 600,000 francs. The prince has replaced the picture in his gallery by four works by Lorenzo Latto, Florenzo di Lorenzo, Francia, and Lorenzo di Credi.

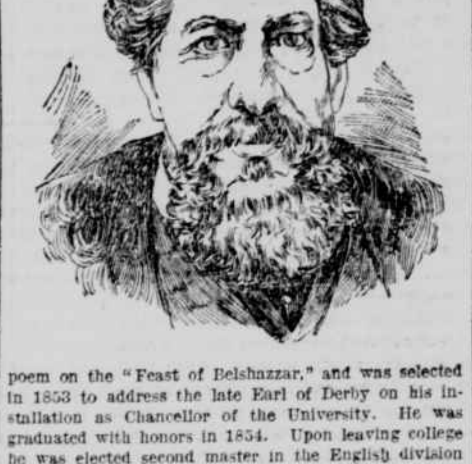
The Royal Society of Painter Etchers in London have appointed Mr. Robert Donthorne their publisher.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Sir Edwin Arnold is now on his way to this country to fill engagements to lecture and to read from his own writings. Sir Edwin has had a busy life. For thirty years he has been the editor of "The London Daily Telegraph," but without neglecting his newspaper, he has found time to write his name high on the list of English authors. He is perhaps best known to the general public by "The Light of Asia." Of this great Eastern epic over forty editions have been sold in England, and at least twice that number in the United States. His other books are "Indian Poetry: The Indian Song of Songs," etc.; "Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary"; "Indian Idylls" (from the Sanskrit); "The Song Celestial; or, Bhagavad-gita" (from the Sanskrit); "Lotus and Jewel" (with translations from the Sanskrit); "With Sa'di in the Garden; or, The Book of Love"; and "The Light of the World."

In view of the fact that Sir Edwin Arnold is shortly to appear before a New-York audience some account of his life is opportune. He is the second son of R. C. Arnold and was born on June 10, 1832. He was educated at the King's School, Rochester, and King's College, London, and was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English



poem on the "Feast of Belshazzar," and was selected in 1853 to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. He was graduated with honors in 1854. Upon leaving college he was elected second master in the English division of King Edward VI's School, Birmingham, and was subsequently appointed principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, and Fellow of the University of Bombay, which offices he held during the mutiny, and resigned in 1861, after having twice received the thanks of the Governor in Council. Since 1861 he has been chief of the editorial staff of "The Daily Telegraph," and he has recently resumed his place at the office after his recent journeyings around the world, a holiday rendered necessary to his health by the death of Lady Arnold. It was Sir Edwin who, on behalf of the proprietors of "The Daily Telegraph," arranged the first expedition of George Smith to Assyria, as well as that of Mr. Stanley, who was sent by the same journal, in conjunction with "The New-York Herald," to complete the discoveries of Livingstone in Africa. Upon the occasion of the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, on January 1, 1877, he was made a Companion of the Star of India, and in January, 1888, he was created Knight Commander of the Indian Empire by the Queen.

How does Arnold continue to be a poet and a journalist at one and the same time? An intelligent interviewer recently put that salient query to him. Here is Sir Edwin's answer and the conversation which grew out of it:

"That question," said he, "demands many columns of space to answer. Briefly, the reason is that whatever men do interests me. Their hopes, aspirations, joys, fears, sufferings, trials, temptations are all absorbing subjects to me. I am a poet because I am a journalist—because I am, in heart, of the people."

"Then you do not find poesy and journalism antagonistic?"

"On the contrary, the most poetical place I know is Fleet-st. It differs very much from the slopes of Fuji-san and the beautiful open sea, but there is nothing so interesting to me as humanity. Heine said, as you know, 'Send a philosopher to Fleet-st., but, for God's sake, don't send a poet there!' That was because he was an invalid. I would say, 'Send a poet to Fleet-st. Let him work every day there, and learn his business.'"

"Would it be as congenial to you to compose poetry in Fleet-st. as in Japan?"

"I can accommodate myself to any locality. I may mention something curious to you," said Sir Edwin, as he slowly paced the room. "My 'Light of the World' was commenced at a tea-house in Japan. The little silver pipes were smoking, the samisen (Japanese guitars) were playing, and Japanese songs were being sung. I heard one of my friends say, 'Damatte (be quiet)! Dana Sama is writing.' I was reminded by that exclamation that I had just put down on paper the lyric which occurs in 'The Light of the World':

Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea,
When the stars their radiance glass
In its true tranquillity.

"It had come to me abruptly," resumed Sir Edwin, after he had in his modulated tones recited these now famous lines, "and it had to be written. I had been engaged in conversation, yet it had suddenly struck me, compelling me to withdraw myself for the moment, and I was completely absorbed in that verse."

"Did you, then, go to Japan to write 'The Light of the World'?"

"Not at all. Although I had often thought of composing that poem, I had no intention of writing it there."

Sir Edwin here expressed his contempt for "fussy" people who cannot write unless surrounded with everything to their hand, and he then went on to explain that his last great work was the natural, logical sequence of his former books. "My idea," he observed, "has been briefly this: The great religions of the world are not mutual enemies, but own sisters; or you may call them the facets of a diamond which reflect different rays of the same light. I have written these books of mine which find their natural crown and finish in 'The Light of the World' to bring out in each great religion its distinctive ray—what it especially reflects. By-and-by critics will find the thing out, and understand how logical I have been and how clear the plan was I have shown—how each great faith contributes a special color to the philosophical spectrum which makes the white light of truth."

PRETTY SIMPLETONS.

WHICH DO MEN MARRY?

From The London Spectator.

We had thought that the cult of the pretty simpleton had died away, like the cult of "sensibility" which distinguished Miss Austen's time, and with it the fear of the pretty woman of cultivation. We notice, however, that Mrs. Snoad, president of the Women's Progressive Society, at the end of a most sensible, and indeed able, letter advising girls what to do if they find life too monotonous, published in "The Daily News" of Tuesday, thinks it necessary to remind them and their mothers that young women of brains and energy to use them do get married. We hear, too, on many sides that the old dread which thirty years since so greatly checked the progress of women's education has again revived, and that a wave of opinion is warning mothers and young women that culture makes the latter too "formidable" to young men, and that "the clever ones" miss the most natural and most fitting of women's careers. They get appointments sometimes, but they never get proposals. We believe that the facts are misrepresented, and that the fear, which if well founded would rightly check education, is almost entirely without foundation. Having watched the movement in favor of female education from the beginning with entire impartiality—that is, with a keen dislike for the "advanced" women who want, as Mr. Frederick Harrison says, to be "abortive men," to vote, and to ride astraddle, and to discuss "The Kreutzer Sonata," and a strong sympathy for the women who desire culture, and gainful work, and control of their own money—we think we may say confidently that to the latter their grand profession, marriage, is in no way debarred. Attractions for attractions, they are courted just as much as their foolish sisters. They are flirted with less, partly because very young men demand in those they flirt with a certain amount of silliness, so that in flirting there may be no demand on the intellect, and partly because of a fault of manner of which we speak below; but they receive just as many serious proposals. The men who can marry, and who nowadays are usually thirty-three—a social misfortune, owing mainly to the late period at which the successful now retire from active life—are men of certain experience, and by no means fools. They are attracted by good looks, whether in the foolish or the wise virgins, and are carried away by unusual beauty, as they were in the days of Helen, and will be when the world cools; but they are quite conscious of the advantage possessed by the sensible and the cultivated. They know what terrible bores ignorant girls can be—we do not mean by "ignorance" mere want of familiarity with learning—how utterly unreasonable they often are and, and how much more liable they are in middle life to grow acrid, snappish or positively ill-tempered. There is no one so perverse as the woman without intellectual interests whose situation happens to be at variance with her ideas of comfort, or who, being comfortable, is conscious of the faint contempt, or rather slight avoidance, of those around her. Women are perfectly well aware when men listen from politeness alone, and those among them to whom that lot falls grow as bitter as some disappointed spinsters. The men of thirty-three know perfectly well how great a part friendship plays in married life, how it deepens affection, and how difficult it is to feel friendship for a woman whose early charm has passed, who does not understand one word in six you say, and who can neither sympathize with failure nor understand why you have succeeded. Camaraderie, one of the most delightful of all the bonds of union, is impossible between the able and the silly. The men, too, are aware that it is the clever girls, not the simpletons, who are free from the senseless extravagance which is, perhaps, of all the foibles which are not exactly vices, the most permanently irritating in wives. That thing at least culture has done for the majority of cultured women, it has taught them how to count. Here and there, perhaps, may be found the "Nina" of Mr. Norris's clever story, "Matrimony," the competent and cultured woman to whose selfishness expenditure seems a necessity, and who is only not extravagant when she has six thousand a year, who will plunder her father without remorse, and keep her mother without a shilling; but the immense majority of cultivated girls are economical. Frugality is their road to independence. They could not live their lives if they cost their fathers too much, and they learn to know the value of pounds, to avoid debt with horror, and to see that discount is allowed them if they pay ready-money. They are not, perhaps, devoted to "housekeeping" as some of the unlettered are, meaning, three times out of five, endless and harassing interference with their servants; but they can keep house, when they know their incomes, at an outlay well within them. The men understand that by a kind of instinct, our system of courtship allowing little chance of real knowledge—the American system does, and the Canadian—and they know, too, another thing which appeals still more directly to their self-love. They know what it is to be bored. There is no bore on earth equal to the woman who can neither talk nor listen, who has no mental interests in common with her husband, who thinks his friends satirical because they attend to her with a faint sense of amused amazement, and who gathers round her all women except those whose intelligence relieves life of its monotony and sense of strain. We should add that the men we are speaking of are aware also that, of the two, the educated are the more affectionate, but that we know this might be a subject of endless argument. Thousands of men, otherwise heartily with us, would deny it, remembering that a strain of stupidity in sisters or mothers had been compatible with deep affection, and forgetting that, as between husband and wife, comprehension is almost essential, we will not say quite essential, to a self-sacrificing regard, more especially when the man is, as so many men are, of the rather "trying" sort. Carlyle is the only man we can think of whose inmost life it is not an impertinence to quote, and no stupid woman could have loved Carlyle for three weeks on end. The one stupid woman, or, at all events, uncultured woman, who tried to love Shelley—of course a most extreme instance, moths and stars being separated by irresistible fiat—made a horrid mess of the business.

This is not a "society" paper, and we shall not be guilty of the vulgarity of adducing the hundred instances known to all men in the last thirty years in which the "great matches" of the world have fallen to the women with cultivated brains, though we suppose we may mention that in the most striking instance of modern life, the rise of Mademoiselle de Montijo, her beauty was not her only charm—the Empress never could spell French, but her letters are as good as any but the best of Madame Mohl's—but we think any old lady who remembers society would give evidence of the fact. Nothing can compensate with most "askers," as Mrs. Oliphant calls men who are seeking wives, for decided meanness or insignificance of appearance unredeemed even by eyes or bearing; but apart from that, and from the intense self-absorption which study induces in some women—a misdirection of the habit of concentration—the reason for the dread of neglect by men now once again expressed by mothers is, we believe, to be explained without much difficulty. The girls of culture are too frank of speech, contradict men, unless much and visibly their elders, too often and too bluntly, and are therefore condemned as "formidable." This habit, for it is nothing worse, does not proceed in them, as it does in most men, from either arrogance, or temper, or want of self-control, for they do not display it toward women, even when intellectually their inferiors. It proceeds from delight in intellectual independence, from an unexpected sense of mental equality which must be made audible even in a tete-a-tete, to be thoroughly enjoyed. The girl does not want to be rude, or snubbing, or even pert, but only to be separate, to say her own saying and think her own thought, and avoid being "merged," as we once heard it expressed, in any way whatever. "I can think for myself" she feels, "and I like doing it," and she contradicts flattery in order to make herself quite certain. You will see a son do it to his father, or a clever lad to his tutor, from precisely the same motive; but men who are on an equality rather avoid it, striving rather to differ utterly under cover of some formula of assent, and disliking the Hazlitt way—he used to contradict everybody, even the watchman when calling the hour—and they dislike it in women most particularly. Even very sensible young men of experience will retreat before it with a sense of disappointment and choler, and never again, unless by accident, give the girl who has tried, as they think, to "put them down" a chance of showing that she was attempting nothing of the kind. The habit is a mere gesture in reality, a colt's kick of pleasure in the free field, and not, as it often is in old women, a sign of vicious temper; but it constantly ruins a bright girl's chances, and has done much to create in society an impression which is, we feel satisfied, on the evidence of facts, entirely unfounded. The cultivated girls have, in fact, a trick of thinking that argument is conversation, and that contradiction shows mental fearlessness, which men, even tolerant men, never quite like, and very seldom recognize for what it is, a mental "way" of young and able women, not half so bad to bear as a precisely similar trick of the stupider sort, the habit of speaking in little breaks of underlined italics. That is a trick, too; but while the former recognizes implicitly the competence of the interlocutor, and is, in truth, a raspy compliment, the other always means that, in the judgment of the woman who vocally underlines, you will, but for her emphasis, be sure in your crassitude to miss all her finest points. Contradiction in a girl is as often as not a mere sign of joy in intellectual freedom, while vocal underlining is usually a sign of the narrowest self-conceit. Innocent as the former habit may be, however, it ought to be got rid of; for cultivated young women may rely on it that it is the main reason, after the intellectual antics of the "advanced," why mothers are once more apt to believe that ignorance increases their daughters' chances of making a good match.

Little Wide-awake.—Mamma—Oh, Pussy! you ought to be asleep. Pussy—I can't go to sleep, mamma; my eyes won't button.—[Fun.